



### TO ALL AND SINGULAR!

We drink to you in the Loving Cup, wishing you, with all our heart, a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

PUNCH.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

If my Nautical Retainer is a little belated in his remarks on EDMUND GOSSE's *Life and Letters of John Donne* (HEINEMANN), he assures me that this solid and enduring addition to the storehouse of English literature can well afford to wait till the vanities of the season have had their little vogue. Two massive tomes; yet are they light as air in the hand. So with the gravity of the matter, handled with a devout erudition which still betrays the manifest heart of wit. It is a fascinating figure, this of the prodigal poet, who could never quite "disculp" himself (as he would say) of the follies of his fescennine period (as Mr. GOSSE would say), yet ended in the odour of a Deanery, the most pious and popular of English divines. As a poet, there is something most attractive in his studied aloofness from his kind. Of all stars of the Elizabethan galaxy, SHAKESPEARE, DRAYTON, and the rest, he deigned to notice only one. It was Big BEN, whose admiration for him was coloured by a very perfect candour; as when he said that "DONNE, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging," and "for not being understood, would perish." From such shadows of oblivion, which DONNE half courted and half shunned, "expecting all along," in the words of his biographer, "to be ultimately

pushed up the slopes of Helicon, faintly resisting," one can imagine no man more fitted to rescue him than the author of these most charming volumes.

THE BARON DE B. W.

### CONGRATULATIONS.

CHER MONSIEUR.—Vous avez entendu dire que M. LUDWIG et moi nous nous sommes disputés à Gênes sur des choses de peu d'importance, une vraie querelle d'Allemand. Eh bien ! C'était vite finie, la querelle. Au premier buffet nous nous rencontraimes. Moi je demandais un bock, et lui *ein Glas Bier*. Et l'Italiene n'aurait jamais compris si un brave monsieur ne lui avait pas traduit ces mots, si faciles, d'ailleurs, à comprendre. Comme ça, comme dit l'illustre SHAKSPER, "one touching off the nature do all the world kind," M. LUDWIG et moi nous sommes désormais inséparables. Et le monsieur, l'Italien, c'est aussi un de vos collaborateurs, M. BUONARROTI. Quelle chance !

Nous sommes venus ici, à Nice, tous les trois, et nous nous empressons de vous envoyer, à l'occasion de l'agrandissement de votre magnifique journal, toutes nos félicitations.

AUGUSTE DE BASSOMPIERRE.

Freundliche Glückwünsche !

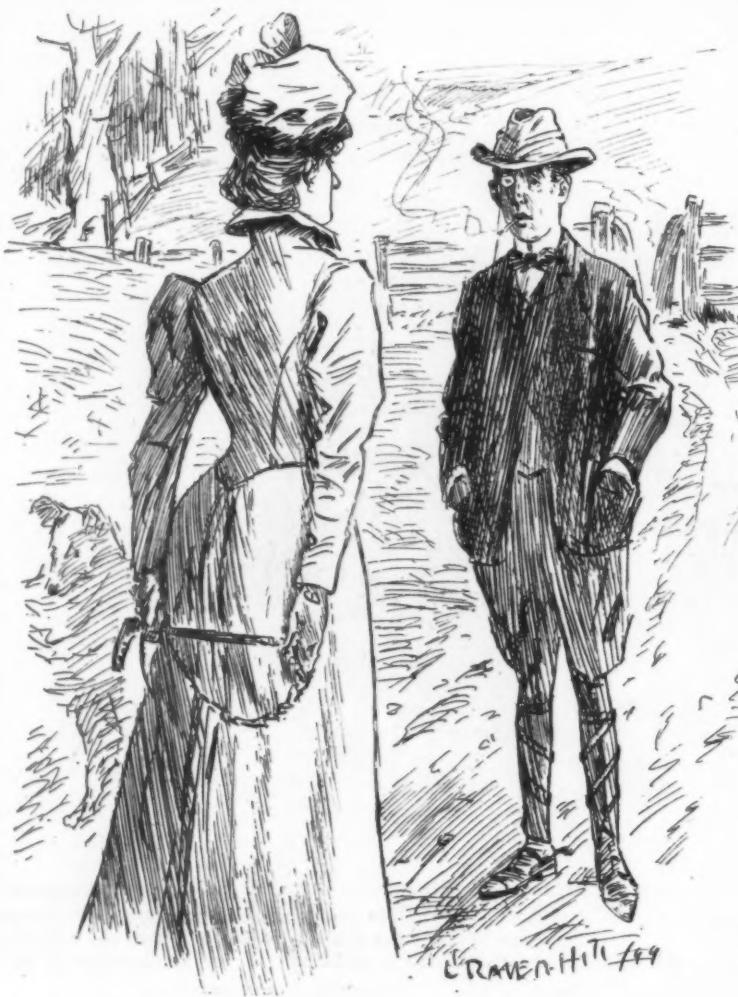
LUDWIG MÜLLER.

Mille felici auguri !

LEONARDO TIZIANO BUONARROTI.

### Nigger News from Transvaal.

DE British hab got alongside o' Modder. But they habn't got no Farder.



"WELL, FREDDY, GOING OUT TO MEET THE BOERS?"  
"ER—ER—NO. I NEVER GET ON WELL WITH STRANGERS!"

#### THE POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

(For the use of Commanding Officers at the front. Framed after the latest pattern.)

##### I.

From General A., investing town of X., to General B., in command of defending force.

MY DEAR B.—What delightful weather this is, to be sure! I hardly ever remember to have seen the crops looking better at this time of year. You and your men are in the best of health, I trust? Possibly the mosquitoes may be troubling you; in this case I would recommend the application of a little ammonia. As your game-larder may be not particularly full just now, I am sending you five brace of ostriches; please accept them with my warmest compliments, and believe me, most sincerely yours, A.

P.S.—I almost forgot to mention that some of my fellows mean to drop a few shells in your direction about 5 P.M. today. Would that hour suit you? I do hope the noise will not disturb you, but you will understand that I am bound to give my men a little occupation now and then.

(Reply.)

MY DEAR A.—Our best thanks for the ostriches, safely to hand. Thanks also for your kind enquiries; all of us are in the best of health. Would you think me very rude if I asked you to put the shelling an hour earlier? The fact is, that five o'clock is our tea-time, so that we might miss seeing your performance, which would be a real pity. There's nothing we enjoy so much as to watch your guns ploughing up the earth half-a-mile or more away—it's as good as a play, and simply

convulses us all with laughter. So do begin a bit earlier, and oblige yours very sincerely, B.

P.S.—Some of my chaps complain that they're getting a bit bored here. So just to humour them, we shall make a little sortie to-night, if you've no objection. Unless I hear from you before then, you may expect us about ten o'clock.

##### II.

*From General A. to General B.*

DEAR SIR,—As you are aware, I have carried on this siege with the utmost regard to etiquette, and so far my courtesy has been reciprocated. The fact increases my regret at the grave breach of this principle which was committed by your force in last night's attack. In a word, Sir, some of the ruffians under your command actually *employed the bayonet*, with the result that no less than five of my men were severely injured! I cling to the belief that this outrage was committed without your cognisance; but none the less you must be held in some degree responsible. My Government, at my request, is telegraphing a formal complaint to each of the European Powers. And I must insist on a full and immediate apology from yourself. Yours faithfully, A.

P.S.—It would simplify matters if you would surrender at once.

(Reply.)

SIR,—If your fellows choose to get in front of my men's bayonets, they must take the consequences.

Yours truly, B.

P.S.—Why don't you all run away at once? You'll have to, sooner or later.

##### III.

General A. begs to inform General B. that, in spite of his protest, another outrage was committed yesterday by General B.'s force. A shell was fired by them which actually burst. None of the ammunition employed by General A. behaves in this way. The time for apologies is past, and General A. must now insist on a prompt and unconditional surrender.

(Reply.)

Go to blazes.

*(At this point the correspondence terminates.)*

A. C. D.

AFFAIRS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.—As matters stood just at Christmas time, Premier WINTER had ten men of the Government Party, and another twenty-five were divided between the Opposition. "Owing," said the *Times*, "to the ice blockade of the coast, a general election is impossible before the end of May." Evidently a bad look-out for Premier WINTER, who, if he in no way differs from other winters, will have quite disappeared by the commencement of Spring.



#### A SOLILOQUY.

*Tragedian.* "CHEAP! HA, HA! WHY IN MY TIME THEY THREW THEM AT US!"



## SOUTH AFRICA. 1900.

*A Happy New Year for the Transport Department.*

"YOUR MAIL, SIR. AND PLEASE, SIR, THE 'EAVY THINGS IS A COMIN' IN A CART!"

## TO MR. PUNCH IN HIS NEW YEAR'S SUIT.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

HAIL, best of free-lance laughing-men, most admirable *Punch*,  
Amidst our Fleet Street favourites the pick of all the bunch !  
Behold me in your presence, Sir, devoted and sincere,  
With loyal heart to pledge your health throughout the coming  
year.

Oh, age it cannot wither you, and custom cannot stale  
Your infinite variety of jest and quip and tale.  
Though some be frail and tottering you keep your sturdy gait,  
A ruddy, hearty gentleman of more than fifty-eight.

Full-voiced, erect and merry-eyed, and hale and debonair,  
And fashionably garmented you take the morning air ;  
And if, whene'er you turn your back, we must observe your  
hunch,  
Well, what of that? less oddly backed you wouldn't be our  
*Punch*.

You visited your tailor, Sir; his measure he unreeled,  
And smiled at the circumference that truthful tape revealed :  
"The cut shall be the same old cut—I think we know your  
taste ; . . .  
But, oh, you need some inches more," he added, "round the  
waist."

"A gentleman of fifty-eight—forgive the simple truth—  
Must recognise that slimness is the attribute of youth :  
And he who laughs at everyone and everything on earth  
Must look to pay in corpulence the penalty of mirth."

"I own I felt a tightness here," 'twas thus that you replied,  
"When lately in my laughing fits I held each aching side.

I failed to note the flying years, for in my heart I clung  
To all that made life happier when you and I were young."

"But, since your tape has found it so, so let the suit be made;  
No girth that comes of laughing much should make a man afraid.  
And, as for me, the larger garb in which I shall be dressed  
Will give me ampler limits still for merriment and jest."

And so, in this your New Year's suit we look upon you now,  
As right and bright a gentleman as ever made his bow.  
And ever, as you greet your friends, your twinkling eyes  
proclaim

That in the fuller measurement your spirit is the same.

So take from one who loves you well, however poor it seem  
"Mid all the showered eulogies, this tribute of esteem.  
And, though his words be few and weak, I pray you, Sir, unbend,  
And own him, what he fain would be, your servant and your  
friend.

R. C. L.

## BETTER THAN LYDDITE.

THE alacrity with which the War Office has accepted Sir BASHMEAD-ARTLETT'S patriotic offer to go to the front in South Africa affords pleasing proof of the bursting of the hide-bound traditions of the Department. The strategy is as novel as it is simple, and will prove effective. It is intended that on the eve of any engagement with the Boers, the Sheffield knight shall be sent forth to address them in the trenches. Judging from what takes place in the House of Commons in similar circumstances, it is confidently reckoned that the trenches will be rapidly emptied.

H. W. L.

NEW ISSUE.—Nothing ought to be easier to "float" than a "Cork Company." Even when "in low water" it would still be buoyant.



THE NEW COLOURS.



### A QUESTION WITHIN RANGE.

*Field Piece (to the Secretary for War).* "MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP TO SAY WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR SENDING OUT LITTLE CHAPS LIKE ME TO FIGHT AGAINST GREAT HULKING FELLOWS LIKE THAT?"

### LITTLE QUEENIE'S GUIDE TO DOLLSHOUSE ETTIKET.

(*A Complete Manual of Nursery Manners and Customs.*)

#### PREFFIS.



What dreadful sollyssims do we not see habichuly committed in our intercourse with Dolls and other denisons of the Nursery, and alas not by groanups only, who cannot be expected to know any beter at their age—but by Children which is a truly melloneculy reflecsion!

A sollysim is somthing so apauling and mysterius that you genaly never even know you have done it till afterwards, when you rithe—but what is the use of ritheing when it is too late?

Few peple have the least idear how sharp Dolls are realy, and how qickly they notice goatcherries and things which show that you are unfamiliar with the usiges of Good Society, and this Book is intended to teech you how Dolls expect to be

treted, and how they like things done, and other maters which nobody is suposed to know untill it is explained to them.

I have made it up a little from a real groanup book of Ettiket, and a little from things Mother says somtimes, but most of all from what I have been told by leding dolls with whom I am in intamit turms, so you may be sure that everything it tells you is corect, even if PAULEAN PRATT does say she never heard of all these rules before, because PAULEAN's own dolls are (I mene it qite kindly) desided frumps—but what a shame when she thinks they are so smart, and they are dear things and it is not their fault if they are comon!

This is all of the Preffis.

#### I.—ABOUT SOSHUL POSISHUN.

I hope none of you would make such a vulger eror as suposing that a Doll's rank in Sosiaty is what she cost, which is nothing whatever to do with it.

For a Doll may posses a welth of golden hare, and luvly close that take off, and eyes that open and shut, like my sister MABLE's last burthday one, and yet she may never be admited into the realy excluciv set, where all of my dolls are.

And sumtimes a Doll of plane unassumng appearance (and praps not even wax) is in reallity the grandest pursonage in the Nursery, besides being the dearest.

Most groanups (except my Uncle MONTY, who is a very simpatisyng person) never can understand this, so they think it is witty and amusing to make funny remarks on dolls before their faces, which is abbonnible bad form, and how would they like it if dolls said outloud what they thought about them?

A groanup nealy always fansies just because he is old he is obbliged to be funny, and it is mostly such a failure! but my advice to all my young reders is to folow their doll's exampel and not nootice it.

Now I am going to tell you all about Sosiaty and who are in it and who are outside the pail.

Acording to the best orthorites Sosiaty consists of any doll that is capabel of sitting down, whether it is wax, china, wood, or any other matterial, but it is sumtimes difficult to draw a line and there are severil excepsions.

For instans, the little man and woman in a weather house that come out if it is wet or fine are surtintly in Sosiaty, tho they cannot sit down, and the tin niger playing his banjoe on a chare is sitting down, but not striely in Sosiaty.

Probly you would think it is just the same with a mekanical Clown, even if, when he is propperly wound up, he can draw a portrate of Mr. Punch on a reale peice of paper. But Nursery Sosiaty is mutch more tollerent than it used to be and now wellcoms Clowns and Artists and anybody who is entertaining. A Jester who can turn somersets in whatever posishun he is put is sure to be popular and goes everywhere not because he is a gentleman but because he is clever.

But it is difrent with injaruber figures, espeshaty if all the wind is out of them, and a fur munkey like Cusin LILY's, though surtianly rather swete, is, I'm afrade, not in Sosiaty.

In some rather old-fashuned Nurseries, like PAULEAN'S, the peple in the dollsouse are on cauling terms with Mr. and Mrs. NOA and all the famaly in the Ark. But I have ofsun herd Mother say what is the good of keeping up intimasies of that sort when you have absoltely nothing in comon?

Resently there have sprung up severil funny kinds of studef dolls which are rather puzzing. One is cauled a "Goliwog," out of a pikehurbook, and has furry hare and a black face, with large white shirtbutons insted of eyes, and he may be a gentleman without looking it. Another is the Humty-Dumty Doll, which is a mere callico egg with arms and legs, and I realy couldnt send any lady doll I cared about into dinar with him, myself.

As to the peple in the Toy Farm and the little man who bellongs to the Grosery, they are of corse in Trade, so I need not say more about them, except that they may be invited to a

Primrose Leeg Fate, where all classes can mix without counting as an introdukshin.

Now I have told you all I can think of about Sosiaty, so I will stop for the present as I want to fede my dawmouse, so I must reserve some hints on Cauling and Entertaning for another time.

Your loving little QUENIE.

(N.B.—*The Composition and Spelling of the above revised and corrected by F. ANSTEY.*)

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

ONCE more has the Druriolian Army, led by Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, Commander-in-Chief and Managing Director of everything in general at Drury Lane, been true to its great traditions of the Augustan Age, with the result that the combined forces, under the command of thoroughly experienced Scenical, Musical, Dramatical, Costumical, Terpsichorean and Vocal Generals, Colonels, and Captains, have scored a success for the Pantomime of 1899, entitled *Jack and the Beanstalk*, written by two Dramatic ARTHURS, STURGESS and COLLINS. And 'scored a

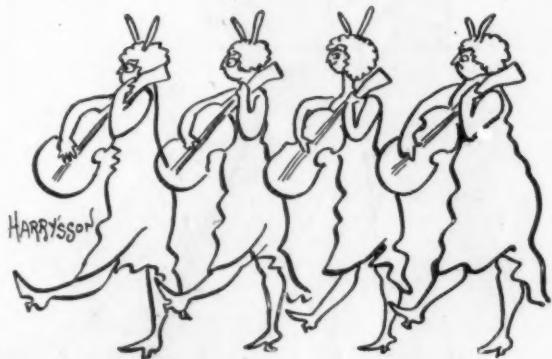


Dame Trot and Bobbie.

success' is the right phrase, as no small part of the "go" of the Pantomime is due to Mr. J. M. GLOVER, the energetic Handy-Man, *chef d'orchestre*, and singing-prompter, who has a word for everybody when anybody wants it, and who boldly, at the very commencement, "faces the music" and the vast audience, deliberately (if he ever does anything deliberately) turning his back on the stage, and leading *Rule Britannia* and the National Anthem, orchestra and spectators all standing, with such a thoroughness as sets the whole auditorium applauding and cheering vociferously, thus putting them in such good humour with themselves and with everybody on and off the stage, that by this manœuvre the success of the entertainment is, at its very commencement, more than half secured.

But where would this Drury Lane Pantomime be without DAN LENO as Dame Trot, the mother of Bobbie, played by that fairy-like comedian, Master HERBERT CAMPBELL? They have not, as yet, been provided with a duet, which used to be one of the chief features in former years; and, as yet, they have not drawn largely on their store of humour; but, doubtless, soon they will be "too funny for words," and will be keeping the house in fits of laughter by "business only."

The part of Jack is capitally played by handsome and shapely Miss MOLLIE LOWELL (taking at short notice the place of Miss NELLIE STEWART), who has for his lady-love Miss MABEL NELSON as the lively Princess Pretty I. Miss RITA PRESANO, with taking



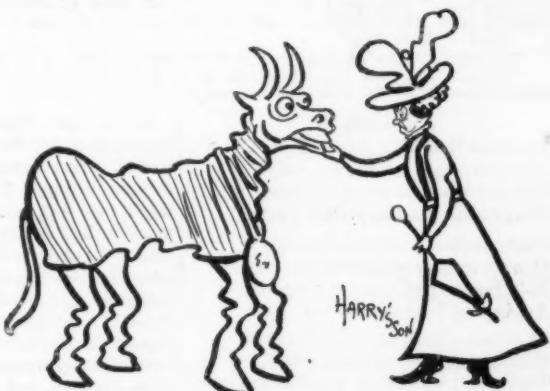
Awfully Grand Procession in the Land of Harmony.

song and chorus, is Prince Racket. Madame GRIGOLATI flies several times half-way up to the gallery, as if she were about to join the Gods, but on seeing the place full up to the ceiling, she changes her mind and "returns to the stage."

The Giants are a prodigiously stolid set. Mr. JOHNNIE DANVERS is a funny King with dance and song. The Cow, by Messrs. QUEEN and LE BRUN, keeps alive the four-footed animal tradition of pantomime in the most admirable manner.

The Seventh Scene, *The Land of Harmony*, by W. HARFORD, ends the first part brilliantly, and his artistic fancy and taste, displayed in the permutations and combinations of colour and design, merit the highest praise. Admirably effective, too, is the scene entitled *The End of the Century*, by Mr. BRUCE SMITH.

The lateness of the hour prevented us from welcoming our old friend Clown; doubtless he, with his harlequinade party, will arrive twenty minutes earlier ere a few nights have



Dame Trot and the Cow. Messrs. Queen, Le Brun, and Dan Leno.

elapsed. Nobody, with a chance of refreshment in view, wants to be in a theatre after eleven. The Pantomime will have to be cut; and as it was, a considerable portion of the audience were compelled to take the matter in their own hands, and, there and then, "cut it." Pictures by HARRY'S SON. F. C. B.

SAD CASE.—An eminent literary man, who for many years had invariably used quills, found himself without a single one; and so, in order to gain his livelihood by the sale of various articles, he was reduced to steel pens!



## A WISE CHILD.

*Inspector.* "SUPPOSE I LENT YOUR FATHER £100 IN JUNE, AND HE PROMISED TO PAY ME BACK £10 ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH, HOW MUCH WOULD HE OWE ME AT THE END OF THE YEAR? NOW THINK WELL BEFORE YOU ANSWER."

*Pupil.* "£100, SIR."

*Inspector.* "YOU'RE A VERY IGNORANT LITTLE GIRL. YOU DON'T KNOW THE MOST ELEMENTARY RULES OF ARITHMETIC!"

*Pupil.* "AH, SIR, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW FATHER!"

## JANUARY 1.

I AM resolved this year to try  
A series of new plans, whereby  
I shall become so good and true,  
That I shall not know what to do.

I am resolved this year to make  
One piece of toast at breakfast take  
Both jam and butter—on such wise  
A man may best economise.

To smoke cigars my mind is set  
(Discarding pipe and cigarette),  
They can't be smoked a whole day long,  
Especially if dark and strong.

Cheap clarets will I set aside,  
By good champagne I will abide.  
The extra outlay doubtless will  
Be balanced by the doctor's bill.

In point of fact this year I am  
Determined to discard the sham  
Of cheap economies which tend  
To large expenses in the end. G. C. P.

"A 'TIRING' TIME."—When the dress-  
ing-bell rings.

**ROSES AND TARTARS.**—Mr. PLOWDEN, presiding at the Marylebone Police Court, flashed a precious gleam of unconscious humour through the murk of Christmas week. He had before him a case where a butcher had a row in the street with a stranger, and in the course of subsequent proceedings discovered that he was entertaining—not an angel, but—a professional boxer unawares. Mr. PLOWDEN, commenting on this disconcerting incident, sententiously observed, "The unexpected often happens, and people sometimes find that instead of being on a bed of roses they have caught a Tartar." Another eminent, though probably mythical judicial authority, with his famous address to the prisoner at the bar leading up to the remark, "Instead of which, you go about the country stealing ducks," must look to his laurels.

**MUSICAL NOTE.**—Q. What is the best way of mending a young chorister's cracked voice? A. Why, with a tonic chord.

## A NEW LEAF.

COME, New Year, a welcome guest,  
Fill with hope each anxious breast,  
Whom the sad old ninety-nine

(Every rosy promise breaking,) Left in its ill-starred decline

Disillusioned, scarred and aching;  
Come! a new and healing balm  
Spread around of peace and calm.

Give glad Springtime once again,  
With the song-birds' merry strain;  
Let her bring us flowery May,

Then give place to radiant Summer,  
With red roses and sweet hay

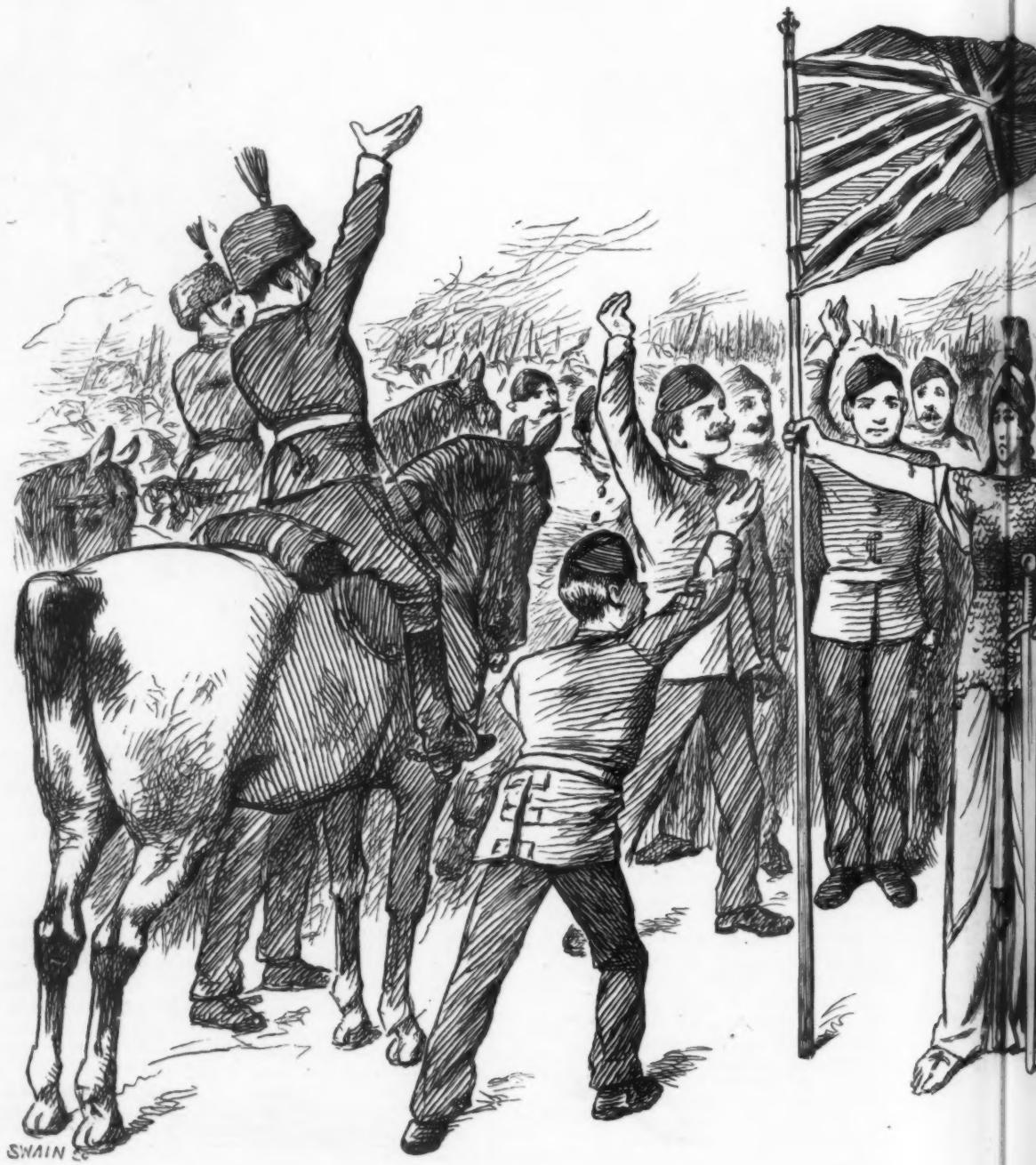
(Though, alas! the birds are dumber). Then proud Autumn give once more,  
Rich with ripe and golden store.

So your course we now forecast,  
And, when you retire at last,—

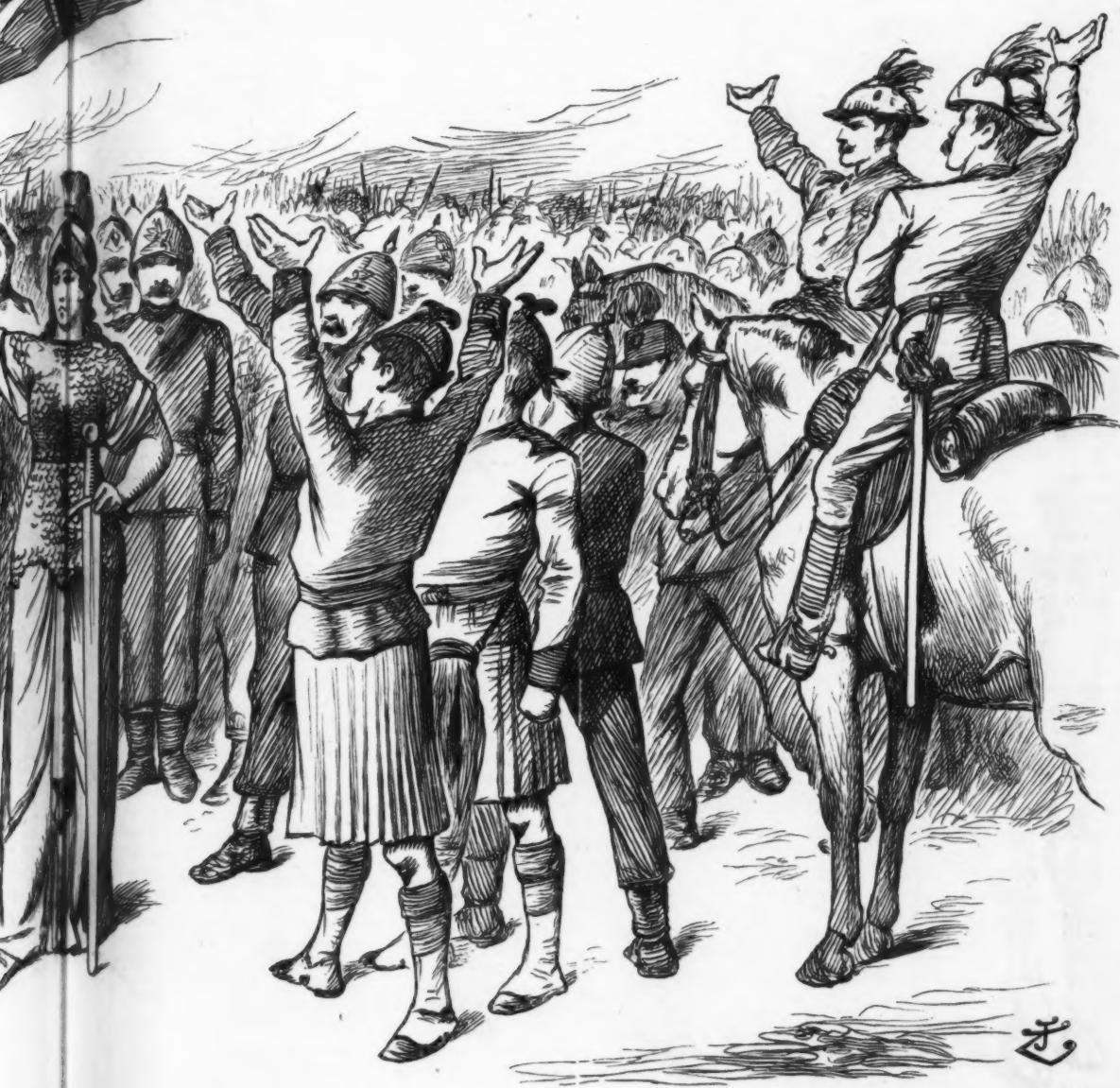
All your promises proved vain,  
Curst, discredited, detected,— We those pleasures yet again,

Which in you we once expected,  
Credulous will hope to see  
In another century. A. J. C.

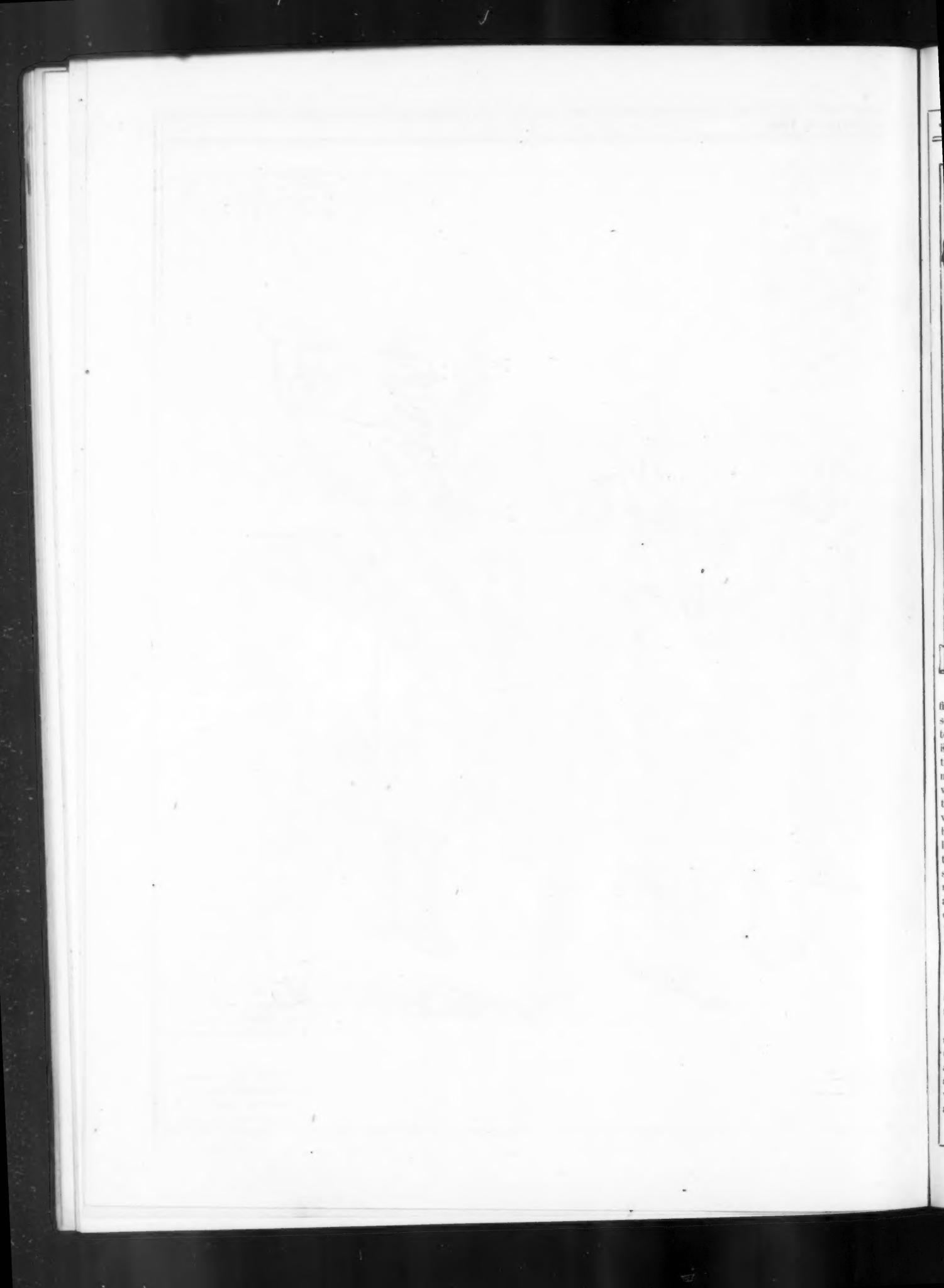




"PRO HAT



O PÁTRIA!"





R. B. Patridge F.C.

lines of Egypt had at last come to its full and even begun, as some hoped, to show signs of a turn. At its outset it had been terrible. It had engulfed HICKS' army, swept over GORDON and Khartoum, rolled behind the British forces as they retired down the river, and finally cast up a spray of raiding parties as far north as Assouan. Then it found other channels to east and to west, to Central Africa and to Abyssinia, and retired a little on the side of Egypt. For ten years there ensued a lull, during which the frontier garrisons looked out upon those distant blue hills of Dongola. Behind the violet mists which draped them, lay a land of blood and horror. From time to time some adventurer went south towards those haze-girt mountains, tempted by stories of gum and ivory, but none ever returned. Once a mutilated Egyptian and once a Greek woman, mad with thirst and fear, made their way to the lines. They were the only exports of that country of darkness. Sometimes the sunset would turn those distant mists into a bank of crimson, and the dark mountains would rise from that sinister reek like islands in a sea of blood. It seemed a grim symbol in the southern heaven when seen from the fort-capped hills by Wady Halfa.

Ten years of lust in Khartoum, ten years of silent work in Cairo, and then all was ready, and it was time for civilisation to take a trip south once more, travelling as her wont is, in an armoured train. Everything was ready, down to the last pack-saddle of the last camel, and yet no one suspected it, for an unconstitutional Government has its advantages. A great administrator had argued and managed, and cajoled; a great soldier had organised and planned and made piastres do the work of pounds. And then one night these two master spirits met and clasped hands, and the soldier vanished away upon some

business of his own. And just at that very time Bimbashi HILARY JOYCE, seconded from the Royal Mallow Fusiliers, and temporarily attached to the Ninth Soudanese, made his first appearance in Cairo.

NAPOLEON had said, and HILARY JOYCE had noted, that great reputations are only to be made in the East. Here he was in the East with four tin cases of baggage, a Wilkinson sword, a Bond's slug-throwing pistol, and a copy of Green's *Introduction to the Study of Arabic*. With such a start and the blood of youth running hot in his veins, everything seemed easy. He was a little frightened of the General, he had heard stories of his sternness to young officers, but with tact and suavity he hoped for the best. So leaving his effects at Shepheard's Hotel he reported himself at head-quarters.

It was not the General but the head of the Intelligence Department who received him, the Chief being still absent upon that business which had called him. HILARY JOYCE found himself in the presence of a short thick-set officer, with a gentle voice and a placid expression which covered a remarkably acute and energetic spirit. With that quiet smile and guileless manner he had undercut and outwitted the most cunning of Orientals. He stood, a cigarette between his fingers, looking at the newcomer.

"I heard that you had come. Sorry the Chief isn't here to see you. Gone up to the frontier, you know."

"My regiment is at Wady Halfa. I suppose, Sir, that I should report myself there at once."

"No, I was to give you your orders." He led the way to a map upon the wall, and pointed with the end of his cigarette. "You see this place. It's the Oasis of Kurkur—a little quiet, I am afraid, but excellent air. You are to get out there as quick as possible. You'll find a company of the Ninth, and half a squadron of cavalry. You will be in command."

HILARY JOYCE looked at the name, printed at the intersection of two black lines, without another dot upon the map for several inches round it.

"A village, Sir?"

"No, a well. Not very good water, I'm afraid, but you soon get accustomed to natron. It's an important post, as being at the junction of two caravan routes. All routes are closed now of course, but still you never know who might come along them."

"We are there, I presume, to prevent raiding?"

"Well, between you and me, there's really nothing to raid. You are there to intercept messengers. They must call at the wells. Of course you have only just come out, but you probably understand already enough about the conditions of this country to know that there is a great deal of disaffection about, and that the Khalifa is likely to try and keep in touch with his adherents. Then again, SENOUSSET lives up that way"—he waved his cigarette to the westward—"the Khalifa might send a message to him along that route. Anyhow, your duty is to arrest everyone coming along, and get some account of him before you let him go. You don't talk Arabic, I suppose?"

"I am learning, Sir."

"Well, well, you'll have time enough for study there. And you'll have a native officer, ALI something or other, who speaks English, and can interpret for you. Well, good-bye—I'll tell the Chief that you reported yourself. Get on to your post now as quickly as you can."

Railway to Baliani, the post-boat to Assouan, and then two days on a camel in the Libyan Desert, with an Ababdeh guide, and three baggage camels to tie one down to their own exasperating pace. However, even two and a half miles an hour mount up in time, and at last, on the third evening, from the blackened slag-heap of a hill which is called the Jebel Kurkur, HILARY JOYCE looked down upon a distant clump of palms, and thought that this cool patch of green in the midst of the merciless blacks and yellows was the fairest colour effect that he had ever seen. An hour later he had ridden into the little camp, the guard had turned out to salute him, his native subordinate had greeted him in excellent English, and he had fairly entered into his own.

It was not an exhilarating place for a lengthy residence. There was one large bowl-shaped grassy depression sloping down to the three pits of brown and brackish water. There was the grove of palm-trees also, beautiful to look upon, but exasperating in view of the fact that Nature has provided her least shady trees on the very spot where shade is needed most. A single wide-spread acacia did something to restore the balance. Here HILARY JOYCE slumbered in the heat, and in the cool he inspected his square-shouldered spindle-shanked Soudanese, with their cheery black faces and their funny little pork-pie forage caps. JOYCE was a martinet at drill, and the blacks loved being drilled, so the Bimbashi was soon popular among them. But one day was exactly like another. The weather, the view, the employment, the food, everything was the same. At the end of three weeks he felt that he had been there for interminable years. And then at last there came something to break the monotony.

One evening, as the sun was sinking, HILARY JOYCE rode slowly down the old caravan road. It had a fascination for him this narrow track, winding among the boulders and curving up

the nullahs, for he remembered how in the map it had gone on and on, stretching away into the unknown heart of Africa. The countless pads of innumerable camels through many centuries had beaten it smooth, so that now, unused and deserted, it still wound away, the strangest of roads, a foot broad, and perhaps two thousand miles in length. JOYCE wondered as he rode how long it was since any traveller had journeyed up it from the south, and then he raised his eyes, and there was a man coming along the path.

For an instant JOYCE thought that it might be one of his own men, but a second glance assured him that this could not be so. The stranger was dressed in the flowing robes of an Arab, and not in the close-fitting khaki of a soldier. He was very tall, and a high turban made him seem gigantic. He strode swiftly along, with head erect and the bearing of a man who knows no fear.

Who could he be, this formidable giant coming out of the unknown? The precursor possibly of a horde of savage spearmen. And where could he have walked from? The nearest well was a long hundred miles down the track. At any rate the frontier post of Kurkur could not afford to receive casual visitors. HILARY JOYCE whisked round his horse, galloped into camp, and gave the alarm. Then, with twenty horsemen at his back, he rode out again to reconnoitre.

The man was still coming on in spite of these hostile preparations. For an instant he had hesitated when first he saw the cavalry, but escape was out of the question, and he advanced with the air of a man who makes the best of a bad job. He made no resistance and said nothing when the hands of two troopers clutched at his shoulders, but walked quietly between their horses into camp. Shortly afterwards the patrols came in again. There were no signs of any Dervishes. The man was alone. A splendid trotting camel had been found lying dead a little way down the track.

The mystery of the stranger's arrival was explained. But why and whence and whither—these were questions for which a zealous officer must find an answer.

HILARY JOYCE was disappointed that there were no Dervishes. It would have been a great start for him in the Egyptian army had he fought a little action on his own account. But even as it was, he had a rare chance of impressing the authorities. He would love to show his capacity to the head of the Intelligence, and even more to that grim Chief who never forgot what was smart, or forgave what was slack. The prisoner's dress and bearing showed that he was of importance. Mean men do not ride pure-bred trotting camels. JOYCE sponged his head with cold water, drank a cup of strong coffee, put on an imposing official tarboosh instead of his sun-helmet, and formed himself into a court of inquiry and judgment, under the acacia tree.

He would have liked his people to have seen him now, with his two black orderlies in waiting, and his Egyptian native officer at his side. He sat behind a camp table, and the prisoner,



An hour later he had ridden into the little camp.

strongly guarded, was led up to him. The man was a handsome fellow with bold grey eyes and a long black beard.

"Why!" cried JOYCE, "the rascal is making faces at me."

A curious contraction had passed over the man's features, but so swiftly that it might have been a nervous twitch. He was now a model of Oriental gravity.

"Ask him who he is, and what he wants?"

The native officer did so, but the stranger made no reply, save that the same sharp spasm passed once more over his face.

"He has come far, Sir. A trotting camel does not die easily. He has come from Dongola at least."

"Well, we must get him to talk."

"It is possible that he is deaf and dumb."

"Not he. I never saw a man look more all there in my life."

"You might send him across to Assouan."

"And give some one else the credit! No, thank you. This is my bird. But how are we going to get him to find his tongue?"



The prisoner looked at JOYCE with his inscrutable eyes and occasionally twitched his face at him, but never opened his mouth.

"Well, I'm blessed!" cried HILARY JOYCE. "Of all the impudent scoundrels! He keeps on winking at me. Who are you, you rascal? Give an account of yourself! D'ye hear!"

But the tall Arab was as impervious to English as to Arabic. The Egyptian tried again and again. The prisoner looked at JOYCE with his inscrutable eyes and occasionally twitched his face at him, but never opened his mouth. The Bimbashi scratched his head in bewilderment.

"Look here, MAHOMET ALI, we've got to get some sense out of this fellow. You say there are no papers on him?"

"No, Sir, we found no papers."

"No clue of any kind?"

The Egyptian's dark eyes skirted the encampment and rested on the cook's fire.

"Perhaps," said he, "if the Bimbashi thought fit——." He looked at the prisoner and then at the burning wood.

"No, no, it wouldn't do. No, by Jove, that's going too far." "A very little might do it."

"No, no. It's all very well here, but it would sound just awful if ever it got as far as Fleet Street. But, I say," he whispered, "we might frighten him a bit. There's no harm in that."

"No, Sir."

"Tell them to undo the man's Galabeeah. Order them to put a horse-shoe in the fire and make it red-hot."

The prisoner watched the proceedings with an air which had more of amusement than of uneasiness. He never winced as the black sergeant approached with the glowing shoe held upon two bayonets.

"Will you speak now?" asked the Bimbashi, savagely.  
The prisoner smiled gently and stroked his beard.

"Oh, chuck the infernal thing away!" cried JOYCE, jumping up in a passion. "There's no use trying to bluff the fellow. He knows we won't do it. But I can and I will flog him, and you tell him from me that if he hasn't found his tongue by to-morrow morning, I'll take the skin off his back as sure as my name's JOYCE. Have you said all that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you can sleep upon it, you beauty, and a good night's rest may it give you!" He adjourned the Court, and the prisoner, as imperturbable as ever, was led away by the guard to his supper of rice and water.

HILARY JOYCE was a kind-hearted man, and his own sleep was considerably disturbed by the prospect of the punishment which he must inflict next day. He had hopes that the mere sight of the koorbash and the thongs might prevail over his prisoner's obstinacy. And then again he thought how shocking it would be if the man proved to be really dumb after all. The possibility shook him so that he had almost determined by daybreak that he would send the stranger on unhurt to Assouan. And yet what a tame conclusion it would be to the incident! He lay upon his angareeb still debating it when the question suddenly and effectively settled itself. ALI MAHOMET rushed into his tent.

"Sir," he cried, "the prisoner is gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes, Sir, and your own best riding camel as well. There is a slit cut in the tent, and he got away unseen in the early morning."

The Bimbashi acted with all energy. Cavalry rode along every track. Scouts examined the soft sand of the wadys for signs of the fugitive. But no trace was discovered. The man had utterly disappeared. With a heavy heart HILARY JOYCE wrote an official report of the matter and forwarded it to Assouan. Five days later there came a curt order from the Chief that he should report himself there. He feared the worst from the stern soldier, who spared others as little as he spared himself.

And his worst forebodings were realised. Travel-stained and weary he reported himself one night at the General's quarters. Behind a table piled with papers and strewn with maps the famous soldier and his Chief of Intelligence were deep in plans and figures. Their greeting was a cold one.

"I understand, Captain JOYCE," said the General, "that you have allowed a very important prisoner to slip through your fingers."

"I am sorry, Sir."

"No doubt. But that will not mend matters. Did you ascertain anything about him before you lost him?"

"No, Sir."

"How was that?"

"I could get nothing out of him, Sir."

"Did you try?"

"Yes, Sir, I did what I could."

"What did you do?"

"Well, Sir, I threatened to use physical force."

"What did he say?"

"He said nothing."

"What was he like?"

"A tall man, Sir. Rather a desperate character, I should think."

"Any way by which we could identify him?"

"A long black beard, Sir. Grey eyes. And a nervous way of twitching his face."

"Well, Captain JOYCE," said the General, in his stern inflexible voice, "I cannot congratulate you upon your first exploit in the Egyptian army. You are aware that every English officer in this force is a picked man. I have the whole British army from which to draw. It is necessary therefore that I should insist upon the very highest efficiency. It would be unfair upon the others to pass over any obvious want of zeal or intelligence. You are seconded from the Royal Mallows, I understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I have no doubt that your Colonel will be glad to see you fulfilling your regimental duties again."

HILARY JOYCE's heart was too heavy for words. He was silent.

"I will let you know my final decision to-morrow morning."

JOYCE saluted and turned upon his heel.

"You can sleep upon that, you beauty, and a good night's rest may it give you!"

JOYCE turned in bewilderment. Where had those words been used before? Who was it who had used them?

The General was standing erect. Both he and the Chief of the Intelligence were laughing. JOYCE stared at the tall figure, the erect bearing, the inscrutable grey eyes.

"Good Lord!" he gasped.

"Well, well, Captain JOYCE, we are quits!" said the General, holding out his hand. "You gave me a bad ten minutes with that infernal red-hot horse-shoe of yours. I've done as much for you. I don't think we can spare you for the Royal Mallows just yet awhile."

"But, Sir—But—!"

"The fewer questions the better, perhaps. But of course it must seem rather amazing. I had a little private business with the Kabbabish. It must be done in person. I did it, and came to your post in my return. I kept on winking at you as a sign that I wanted a word with you alone."

"Yes, yes. I begin to understand."

"I couldn't give it away before all those blacks, or where should I have been the next time I used my false beard and Arab dress? You put me in a very awkward position. But at last I had a word alone with your Egyptian officer, who managed my escape all right."

"He! MAHOMET ALI!"

"I ordered him to say nothing. I had a score to settle with you. But we dine at eight, Captain JOYCE. We live plainly here, but I think I can do you a little better than you did me at Kurkur."

*A Conan Doyle*

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NOTICE.—NEXT WEEK, "MR. PUNCH'S EXTRA PAGES" WILL CONTAIN A STORY ENTITLED

"THE OPERATIC STORES,"

BY

F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

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*Aunt Grace.* "WHAT A LOVELY FOOTBALL! DID SANTA CLAUS PUT THAT IN YOUR STOCKING LAST NIGHT?"  
*Harry.* "NO, HE COULDN'T GET IT IN. SO HE PUT IT IN MA'S INSTEAD!"

### THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

*Edited by OWEN SEAMAN (Mr. Punch's Depreciator).*

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.  
IN MONTHLY PARTS.

#### II.—THE BODLEY HEAD SECTION.

JANUARY 1ST.—[New Year's Day].

Potential in the marble's maiden womb,  
The living forms of BUONAROTTI lay;  
So in the New Year's Alpha dimly loom  
The orb'd infinitudes of Omega!—W-H-m W-ts-n.

2ND.—The Key-note of a woman's nature is palpabilities.

G-rg E-g-rt-n.

3RD.—To make a differentiative seernment twixt nature and artifice, rouge and the blood's red, were, in the poignant phrase of your proletariat, mere tommyrot.—M-x B-rb-hq.

4TH and 5TH.

The smouldering pit with plaudits rang;  
COPHETUA beamed above the throng;  
A popular comedian sang  
The Absent-minded Beggar's song.  
COPHETUA wagged his kingly head;  
"Tis well!" he cried aloud—and paid;  
Then, in his beard, "Give me," he said,  
"The Present-bodied Beggar-maid!"

J-hn D-v-ds-n.

6TH.—Seen in perspective there is symmetry even in the suburb, futile else. Peckham has this dominant note.

Mrs. M-yn-l.

7TH.—The virtue of salad, even as of woman, lies in the dressing of it.—Mrs. P-nn-l (Autolycus).

8TH.—Garlic for piquancy, as rue for remembrance. Do but

draw one root athwart the hollow of the crater twice and yet again, and the savour thereof, though it were scarce a suspicion, shall attain to harmonize the whole.—*The same.*

9TH.—Dryads, why wring ye so your vacant arms?

What means this pallor of grief that stirs

Mute lips that once could shame the claret's red?

It is because NARCISSUS,

Whose face was as a limpid moon

Framed in the dark of dusky conifers,—

NARCISSUS,

Who used to kiss us,

And call us each his own and only elf,

And ever let the anxious public know

That this was so—

NARCISSUS,

Losing his balance, owing to the charms

Of his own loveliness,

Has had an accident and drowned himself,

And with his hairpins all the marge is strewn.

R. le G-ll-nne.

10TH.—[Penny Post instituted, 1840.] To a spirit like my own, inebriate of Georgian impulse, there is something of strangely exhaustant in this so-called Victorian Era. Its urge is too much for me. Already am I sub-conscious of a rathe senility.

M-x.

11TH.—[Epitaph on a rooster, shot in mistake for a cock-pheasant.]

Court no man monk because he wears a cowl!

Had I but closer looked thou hadst not passed!

I took thee for thy better, tumid fowl!

And there thou liest, irrevocably grassed!—W. W-ts-n.

12TH.—Detached in his equilibrium, the Young Child is instinct with the iehor of Spring. He flushes a rhythmic pink, the implicit Colour of Life.—Mrs. M-y-n-l.

13TH. A little louder. Thank you. So again.

Shall I go out and slay my brother Boer?

Unfinching rhetorician! strong to floor

The irresponsible casuistry of CAIN!—W. W-ts-n.

14TH.—Ah! the Discord of key-notes jangled! 'Tis the apple of Discord, flung on the nuptial board of the first wife, EVE, that has poisoned the wells of marriage, and still lies at the very root of the Divorce Court.—G-rg E-g-rt-n.

15TH.—[British Museum opened, 1759.]

Avid of knowledge, you that blindly rage

After the Undiscoverable Clue,

Walk up and see you antic sarcophagus;

Its rusty mummy was as wise as you!—W. W-ts-n.

16TH.—The vital movement of grass is toward reticence rather than greenness.—Mrs. M-yn-l.

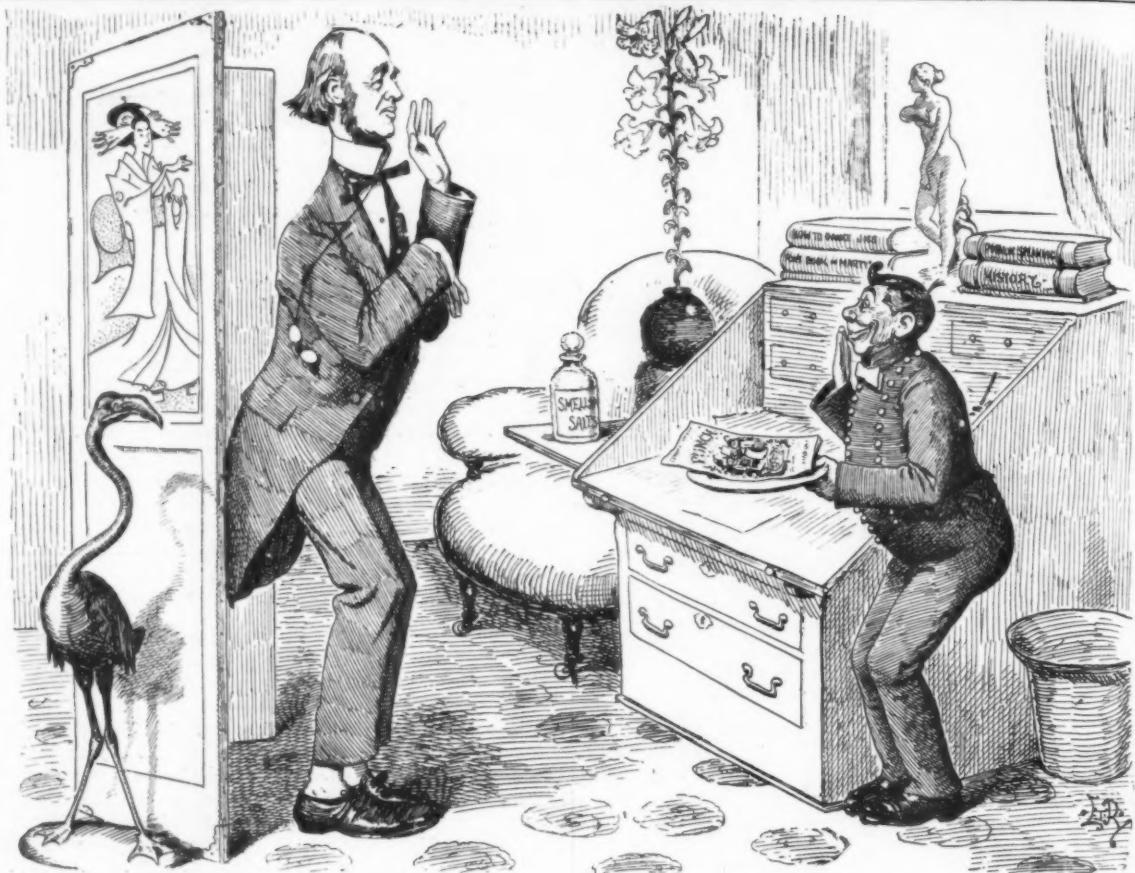
17TH.—By the highways you shall see its embroidery, a mute protest to shame the scarlet resonance of the pillar-box. That is why the vestries will not have it so.—*The same.*

(To be continued.)

*Who's Who* (A. & C. BLACK) appears in the New Year without the name of Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN, under whose editorship this ancient annual renewed its youth like the eagle. The many excellencies he introduced into the volume, advancing it at a bound to the position of one of the most popular, indeed the most indispensable of its class, are preserved in the new issue. It is brought as nearly up to date as the exigencies of the Press and the happy condition of a large circulation will permit. At the price it is, in view of its intrinsic value, a marvel of cheapness.

HENRY LUCY.

TWO VERY DIFFERENT PERSONAGES.—"A Society man" and "a Secret Society man."



## CELEBRITIES (MORE OR LESS) AT HOME. No. III.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. H-RTP-LE L-CKY, P.C., M.P.

*Buttons.* "THIS WEEK'S—(*pff!*)—PUNCH, SIR! SOMETHINK SPESHUL, SIR! SCUSE ME, SIR, THERE'S A—(*pff!*)—PICKCHER O' YOU, SIR! WUSS THAN NEVER, SIR!"  
*Mr. L-cky.* "TAKE IT AWAY, YOU HORRID RUDE VULGAR LITTLE BOY!"

[Explodes.]

## PRINCIPAL QUESTIONS FOR 1900.

DID the first of January commence the twentieth century?

What will the War Office have to say when the House meets?

What will happen — day-by-day — in South Africa?

Who will win the Boat Race?

What will be the Income Tax?

Who will come in first for the Derby and all the other races?

Will the season escape being duller than ditchwater?

What will be the state of the Moors?

How about the harvest?

Will anyone visit the Paris Exhibition?

What will happen during the cricket and football season?

What will be the fluctuations hour by hour of the Stocks?

Will any game be quite worth the candle?

Will the thirty-first of December end the nineteenth century?

A. A'B.

## SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

As thro' the Strand at eve we went,

The Strategist and I,

We taught the Generals their trade,

We threw VON MOLTKE in the shade,

We knew the reason why.

O blessings on the good conceit

That never need be shy;

That could each difficulty meet,

And every peril spy.

For when we came to Charing Cross,

And would have passed thereby,

A Brompton 'bus we did not see

Came at us—bang!—

And where were we?

The Strategist and I!      E. T. H.

"A GOOD JUDGE" (to attend to the Doppers after the War).—M. Q. DE BOER-REPAIR.

O. K. ALL ROUND.—ROBERTS of Kan-dahar and KITCHENER of Khartum.

## HOW TO TREAT A DIARY.

*A few Practical Suggestions.*

DETERMINE to write little, but regularly.

Make up your mind never to omit any thing of importance, and to shun trivialities.

Remember that what you write may be of signal service to your possible biographer.

Select for preservation your deepest thoughts and most original imaginations.

Criticise with discrimination your contemporaries with a view to the judgment of posterity.

Let the keeping of your diary be your first duty and your last.

Recollect at every crisis in your life that your action will have to be recorded without fear or favour.

In fact, take the greatest possible care of your diary, making it the cherished companion of your leisure.

Keep your diary in a safe place. Lose it. Forget to buy another.      A. A'B.